

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1825.

[NUMBER 59.]

THE REFLECTOR.

FROM CHALMERS' SERMONS.

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them—and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety, by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest, would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time, the life, which we know, by the microscope, it teems with, is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation carries in it, to the myriads which people this little leaf, an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupants of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness, and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within, may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known sub-strances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below, may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignancy of a tainted atmosphere.—A blazing comet may cross this little planet in its orbit, and realize all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun—or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system—or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect, which I shall simply announce, without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean and bring another mighty flood upon our island and continents. These are changes which may happen in a single instance of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth; but they would unpeople it; and we who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence and death, over the dominions of the world.

Now it is this littleness, and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring, with such emphasis, to every pious bosom, the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and, though, at this moment his energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in his providence, as if we were the objects of his undivided care. It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But, such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being, whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that though his mind takes into its comprehensive grasp, immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to Him as if I were the single object of His attention; that He marks all my thoughts; that He gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand, to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.

DEATH.

While we walk among the ruins of the past, a sad feeling of insecurity comes over us, and that feeling is by no means diminished when we arrive at home. If we turn to our friends, we can hardly speak to them before they bid us farewell. We see them for a little while, and their countenances are changed, and they are sent away from us. It matters not how near and dear they are. The ties that bind us to them are never too close to be parted, nor too strong to be broken. Tears are never known to move the King of Terrors, nor is it enough that we are compelled to surrender one or two or more of those we love: for though the price is so great we buy no favor with it, and our hold upon those who remain is as slight as ever.

When a few more friends have left, a few more hopes deceived, a few more changes have mocked us, "we shall be brought to the grave, and shall remain in the tomb, and the cold clods of the valley shall be sweet unto us, and every man shall follow us, as there are innumerable before us." All power will have forsaken the strongest, and the loftiest will

be laid low, and every voice hushed, and every heart will have ceased its beating. And when we have gone ourselves, even our memories will not stay behind us. A few of the more near and dear will bear our likeness in their bosoms, till they too have arrived at the end of their pilgrimage, and entered the dark dwelling of forgetfulness. In the thoughts of others we shall live only till the last sound of the bell, which informs them of our departure, shall cease to vibrate in their ears.—Greenwood.

MISCELLANY.

From the Portland Advertiser.

THE FIGHT OF LOVELL AND HIS COMPANY, With the Pigwacket Indians in 1725.

Not having Hutchinson's or Belknap's History before us, in tracing the course of Capt. Lovell, we must write from recollection, or follow the recital of W. in his last number on the Indian Wars, published in the Portland Advertiser of the 20th of April last.

The desire of fame and the love of wealth have a predominating influence over the human mind; and undoubtedly had their agency in promoting the expeditions of Lovell; for we are told that "the success of the forces at Norridgewock, and the large premium offered for scalps, induced volunteer companies to go out" in quest of Indians.

Here then we have the exciting causes that urged Lovell to attack the Pigwacket tribe; one hundred pounds currency was offered by the Legislature of Massachusetts, for every Indian scalp! Of the policy and humanity of this act of the Legislature, we have now nothing to say; but it was surely a great temptation to a poor white man to commit murder; for in what way, could he gain 100 pounds so easily as to hunt, and kill, and skin an Indian? The object of Lovell was, in all probability, money—the bounty on scalps! We wish not to judge severely, or to excite unkind feelings; we would give the dead their due. We pretend not to say that Lovell might have had some other motive to do those deeds of slaughter, which history and tradition have ascribed to him, than merely the love of gain; there might have been something that would partially wash out the stain of blood, and diminish the blackness of his guilt! It is impossible now to ascertain precisely all the motives that influenced those white marauders that put out a nation's light. A hundred years have gone by since the dreadful conflict; the victors and the vanquished have long since received the retributions of infinite wisdom and justice; and we are in possession of our red brother's domains, which we took from him, a century ago, on the day, that we murdered him!

The first excursion of Lovell, was around Winnipiseogee lake; where thirty brave men, killed and scalped one old man, and took a boy prisoner, whom they carried to Boston, and received the reward promised by law! They paid no attention to burying the unfortunate man, they had slain and mangled;—for two months afterwards they found the body as they had left it! This success increased Lovell's company to 70; they again marched, till they found an Indian camp in Wakefield, just at sunset; but forty brave men, chose not to give battle to ten—wandering savages; but, like cowardly assassins, they concealed themselves till midnight, when, silently advancing, they saw the ten asleep, round a fire; Lovell determined to make sure work! He ordered his men to fire, five at a time! with his own gun Lovell killed two; the first detachment killed five more—the remaining three started from their sleep, two of them were immediately shot dead—the other, though wounded, attempted to escape across the pond; but was seized by a dog, and held till they killed him! The historian adds, that by this feat some attempt against the frontiers of New-Hampshire was prevented. But how does it appear that these ten unfortunate savages had any design against the frontier towns? It is said they were well supplied with muskets, ammunition, spare blankets and moccasins; and it is hence inferred that these were for the prisoners, they expected to take; but this is a very far-fetched conclusion; if it be a true one, it proves, that the Indians were more humane than Lovell, for he never thought of taking blankets and shoes for the comfort of the poor natives, that might fall into his hands. But the probability is, that these Indians never designed these articles for prisoners; it is confessed that they were marching from Canada; these goods they had obtained there, by trade, and were carrying them home to their tribe. This action, says W. was highly important to the safety of the settlements, and creditable to the men engaged in it! "It was long after," says Belknap, "spoken of with an air of exultation." "The brave company, with ten scalps stretched on hoops and elevated on poles, entered Dover in triumph, and proceeded to Boston, where they received 100 pounds each, out of the public treasury!"

Messrs. Editors, it is really worth while to look at this account of this great and brave act, which was so long spoken of with exultation! Surely, surely, the labors of Hercules were nothing to this! The Myrmidons of Achilles, and the heroes of Thermopylae, must yield in courage to the dauntless Lovell and his 40 intrepid

followers! Yes; 40 brave men, all armed, murdered ten sleeping, unarmed, unresisting Indians. This, says W. (who quotes Belknap) was a capital exploit! If to murder the defenceless—to butcher the unsuspecting,—to stab in darkness, and to massacre the sleeping, be creditable, then no doubt this was a creditable and capital exploit, and these 40 brave men might well enter Dover in triumph! But, irony aside; it was a cowardly and base attack. In the silence of night, when the unsuspecting Indians were reposing around their fireside, the mercenary and heartless Lovell levelled his weapon of death against those, who had never harmed him! Humanity shudders at the recital of such cold-blooded assassination!

Elated by his success, Lovell marched a third time, in April, 1725, intending to attack the village of Pigwacket, and in May they reached the pond on which the memorable battle was fought with Pausus, which has lately been commemorated by a festival at Fryeburg—34 white men were in this engagement! It cannot be doubted that the object of this excursion was to obtain scalps to barter for money. As an account of this battle has been recently published in several papers, a repetition of it is here unnecessary. We shall dwell on a few facts only. While the majority applaud the enterprise and courage of Lovell, there are others who admire the independence, the dignity, and the manly struggle of Pausus. Rapine, injustice, and a total disregard to the rights and lives of the Indians; marked the character of Lovell; not content with the 1000 pounds which he received for the scalps of the ten unoffending and unoffending Indians, that he atrociously assassinated at Wakefield; like a hungry Harpy, with an appetite increased by the aliment it fed upon, he returned to devour the remnant of the unhappy Pigwackets. He sought out this secluded tribe, and trampling down the rights of humanity and justice, with lawless hand; wrested the sceptre from Pausus, the rightful proprietor, and desolated his hereditary domains. Pausus and his warriors fell, but they made a brave struggle, fighting to the last gasp, for their country and their friends. The heroic chief was more deserving of praise than Lovell, for he fought to repel his invader, and not for a mercenary reward; he was a patriot, for he defended his native soil; he was a hero, for he shunned not danger; he was a prince, true to his subjects, for he deserted them not in the hour of their greatest need.—Pausus was a chief, persecuted while living and slandered when dead; no doubt he possessed the passions and vices of savage man, but he was a man more injured than injuring. It is quite probable, that he and his tribe, assisted in the eastern wars; but would that fact justify Lovell to make war against them in the manner he did? Day-light is not more obvious, than that the design of Lovell and his coadjutors was to attack these natives by surprise, kill and scalp them; and to this work they proceeded with a cool determination, without pity or remorse.

The first unfortunate victim of this battle, was a solitary Indian, who was pursuing his necessary avocation of fishing and fowling—him they shot, when returning home with his game. And as if they designed to do every thing to render this murder odious and detestable, the chaplain—their priest—scalped him! There was an inexcusable insensibility, a cold, heartless indifference in this deed of Frye's. In a professed minister of the Gospel, we look for sympathy in human woes; for benignity of disposition; think you that Frye prayed with, or for the poor benighted savage, when he was about to apply the knife to his forehead, and make a mangling incision? think you he anointed the part of the good Samaritan, pouring oil and balm into his wounds? O! could no other hand be found to do this soul-revolting deed, but that which was daily spread before Jehovah in public prayer! none, but that, which held the consecrated cup, and distributed the symbols of a Saviour's dying love! This theme is sickening,—we will pursue it no farther.

Upon a candid examination of the expedition against the Pigwacket tribe, can any one believe that the object of Lovell was to promote human happiness or give security to frontier towns. For the sufferings and destruction of that unhappy people, I am sure we should feel some sympathy, were not those remote events, viewed through a false and discolored medium.

THE STORY OF JOHN MEWAN.

From the History of Matthew Wald.

I lodged in the house of a poor shoemaker, by the name of John M'Ewan. He had no family but his wife, who, like himself, was considerably beyond the meridian of life. The couple were very poor, as their house, and every thing about their style of living, showed; but a worthy couple, I should have had no difficulty in saying were not to be found in the whole city. When I was sitting in my own little cell, busy with my books, late at night, I used to listen with reverence and delight to the psalm which the two old bodies sung, or rather, I should say, croon'd together, before they went to bed. There was almost none; but the low, articulate, quiet chaunt, had something so impressive and solemnizing about it, that I missed not melody. John himself, was a hard-working man, and, like most of his trade, had acquired

a stooping attitude, and a dark, saffron hue of complexion. His close-cut, greasy, black hair suited admirably a set of strong, massive, iron features. His brow was seamed with firm, broad-drawn wrinkles, and his large gray eyes seemed to gleam, when he deigned to uplift them, with the cold, haughty independence of virtuous poverty. John was a rigid Cameronian, indeed; and every thing about his manners spoke the world-despising pride of his sect. His wife was a quiet, good body, and seemed to live in perpetual adoration of her stern cobbler. I had the strictest confidence in their probity; and would no more have thought of locking my chest ere I went out, than if I had been under the roof of an apostle.

One evening I came home, as usual, from my tutorial trudge, and entered the kitchen, where they commonly sat, to warm my hands at the fire, and get my candle lighted. Jean was by herself at the fireside, and I sat down beside her for a minute or two. I heard voices in the inner room, and easily recognised the hoarse grunt which John M'Ewan condescended on rare occasions, to set forth, as the representative of laughter. The old woman told me that the good-man had a friend from the country with him—a farmer, who had come from a distance to sell ewes at the market. Jean, indeed, seemed to take some pride in the acquaintance, enlarging upon the great substance and respectability of the stranger. I was chatting away with her, when we heard some noise from the scullery as if a table or chair had fallen—but we thought nothing of this, and talked on. A minute after, John came from the room, and shutting the door behind him, said, "I'm going out for a moment, Jean; Andrew's had ower muckle of the feshers' whiskey the day, and I maun stap up the close to see after his beast for him.—Ye needna gang near him till I come back."

The cobbler said this, for any thing that I could observe, in his usual manner; and walking across the kitchen, went down stairs as he had said. But imagine, my friend, for I cannot describe the feelings with which, some five minutes perhaps after he had disappeared, I chancing to throw my eyes downwards, perceived a dark flood creeping, firmly and broadly, inch by inch, across the sanded floor towards the place where I sat. The old woman had her stocking in her hand—I called to her without moving, for I was nailed to my chair—"See there! what is that?"

"Andrew Bell has coupit our water stoop," said she, rising.

I sprung forwards, and dipt my finger in the stream—"Blood, Jean, blood!"

The old woman stooped over it, and touched it also; she instantly screamed out, "Blood ay, blood!" while I rushed on to the door from below which it was oozing. I tried the handle, and found it was locked—and spurned it off its hinges with one kick of my foot. The instant the timber gave way, the black tide rolled out as if a dam had been breaking up, and I heard my feet splash in the abomination, as I advanced. What a sight within!—The man was lying all his length on the floor; his throat absolutely severed to the spine. The whole blood of the body had run out. The table, with a pewter pot or two, and a bottle upon it, stood close beside him, and two chairs, one half-tumbled down, and supported against the other. I rushed instantly out of the house, and cried out, in a tone that brought the whole neighborhood about me. They entered the house—Jean had disappeared—there was nothing in it but the corpse and the blood, which had already found its way to the outer staircase, making the whole floor one puddle. There was such a clamor of surprise and horror for a little while, that I scarcely heard one word that was said. A bell in the neighborhood had been set in motion—dozens, scores, hundreds of people were heard rushing from every direction towards the spot. A fury of execration and alarm pervaded the very breeze. In a word, I had absolutely lost all possession of myself, until I found myself, grappled from behind, and saw a Town's-officer pointing the bloody knife towards me. A dozen voices were screaming, "Tis a doctor's knife—this is the young doctor that abides in the house—this is the man."

Of course this restored me at once to my self-possession. I demanded a moment's silence, and said, "It is my knife, and I lodge in the house; but John M'Ewan is the man that murdered his friend."

"John M'Ewan!" roared some one in the voice of tenfold horror; "our elder John M'Ewan a murderer! Wretch! wretch! how dare ye blaspheme?"

"Carry me to jail immediately," said I, as soon as the storm subsided a little—"load me with all the chains in Glasgow, but don't neglect to pursue John M'Ewan."

I was instantly locked up in the room with the dead man, while the greater part of the crowd followed one of the officers. Another of them kept watch over me until one of the magistrates of the city arrived. This gentleman, finding that I had been the person who first gave the alarm, and that M'Ewan and his wife were both gone, had little difficulty, I could perceive, in doing me justice in his own mind. However, after he had given new orders for the pursuit, I told him that, as the people about were evidently unsatisfied of my innocence, the heat and

FROM THE HALLOWELL GAZETTE.
MY LIFE.

THE PATRIOT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

THE FARMER.

[illegible]

From the Niagara Sentinel.
SCENE AT THE NIAGARA FALLS.

...and here...hesitated...it doubts lingering about

FROM THE ALBANY MICROSCOPE.
ORDER OF THE DAY.

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THE REFLECTOR.

FROM CHALMERS' SERMONS.

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them—and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendor and variety, by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest, would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time, the life, which we know, by the microscope, it teems with, is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation carries in it, to the myriads which people this little leaf, an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupants of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness, and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within, may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below, may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignancy of a tainted atmosphere.—A blazing comet may cross this faded planet in its orbit, and realize all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun—or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system—or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect, which I shall simply announce, without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean and bring another mighty flood upon our island and continents. These are changes which may happen in a single instance of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it; and we who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence and death, over the dominions of the world.

Now it is this littleness, and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring, with such emphasis, to every pious bosom, the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and, though, at this moment, his energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in his providence, as if we were the objects of his undivided care. It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But, such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being, whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that though his mind takes into its comprehensive grasp, immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to him as if I were the single object of His attention; that He marks all my thoughts; that He gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand, to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.

DEATH.

While we walk among the ruins of the past, a sad feeling of insecurity comes over us, and that feeling is by no means diminished when we arrive at home. If we turn to our friends, we can hardly speak to them before they bid us farewell. We see them for a little while, and their countenances are changed, and they are sent away from us. The ties that bind us to them are never too close to be parted, nor too strong to be broken. Tears are never known to move the King of Terrors, nor is it enough that we are compelled to surrender one or two or more of those we love: for though the price is so great we buy no favor with it, and our hold upon those who remain is as slight as ever.

When a few more friends have left, a few more hopes deceived, a few more changes have mocked us, we shall be brought to the grave, and shall remain in the tomb, and the cold clods of the valley shall be sweet unto us, and every man shall follow us, as there are innumerable before us. All power will have forsaken the strongest, and the loftiest will

be laid low, and every voice hushed, and every heart will have ceased its beating. And when we have gone ourselves, even our memories will not stay behind us. A few of the more near and dear will bear our likeness in their bosoms, till they too have arrived at the end of their pilgrimage, and entered the dark dwelling of forgetfulness. In the thoughts of others we shall live only till the last sound of the bell, which informs them of our departure, shall cease to vibrate in their ears.—Greenwood.

MISCELLANY.

From the Portland Advertiser.

THE FIGHT OF LOVELL AND HIS COMPANY, WITH THE PIGWACKET INDIANS IN 1725.

Not having Hutchinson's or Belknap's History before us, in tracing the course of Capt. Lovell, we must write from recollection, or follow the recital of W. in his last number on the Indian Wars, published in the Portland Advertiser of the 20th of April last.

The desire of fame and the love of wealth have a predominating influence over the human mind; and undoubtedly had their agency in promoting the expeditions of Lovell; for we are told that "the success of the forces at Norridgewock, and the large premium offered for scalps, induced volunteer companies to go out" in quest of Indians.

Here then we have the exciting causes that urged Lovell to attack the Pigwacket tribe; one hundred pounds currency was offered by the Legislature of Massachusetts, for every Indian scalp! Of the policy and humanity of this act of the Legislature, we have now nothing to say; but it was surely a great temptation to a poor white man to commit murder; for in what way, could he gain 100 pounds so easily as to hunt, and kill, and skin an Indian? The object of Lovell was, in all probability, money—the bounty on scalps! We wish not to judge severely, or to excite unkind feelings; we would give the dead their due. We pretend not to say that Lovell might have had some other motive to do those deeds of slaughter, which history and tradition have ascribed to him, than merely the love of gain; there might have been something that would partially wash out the stain of blood, and diminish the blackness of his guilt! It is impossible now to ascertain precisely all the motives that influenced those white marauders that put out a nation's light. A hundred years have gone by since the dreadful conflict; the victors and the vanquished have long since received the retributions of infinite wisdom and justice; and we are in possession of our red brother's domains, which we took from him, a century ago, on the day, that we murdered him!

The first excursion of Lovell, was around Winnipicosee lake; where thirty brave men, killed and scalped one old man, and took a boy prisoner, whom they carried to Boston, and received the reward promised by law! They paid no attention to burying the unfortunate man, but he slain and mangled;—for two months afterwards they found the body as they had left it! This success increased Lovell's company to 70; they again marched, till they found an Indian camp in Wakefield, just at sunset; but forty brave men, chose not to give battle to ten—wandering savages; but, like cowardly assassins, they concealed themselves till midnight, when, silently advancing, they saw the ten asleep, round a fire; Lovell determined to make sure work! He ordered his men to fire, five at a time! with his own gun Lovell killed two; the first detachment killed five more—the remaining three started from their sleep, two of them were immediately shot dead—the other, though wounded, attempted to escape across the pond, but was seized by a dog, and held till they killed him! The historian adds, that by this feat some attempt against the frontiers of New-Hampshire was prevented. But how does it appear that these ten unfortunate savages had any design against the frontier towns? It is said they were well supplied with muskets, ammunition, spare blankets and moccasins; and it is hence inferred that these were for the prisoners, they expected to take; but this is a very far-fetched conclusion; if it be a true one, it proves, that the Indians were more humane than Lovell, for he never thought of taking blankets and shoes for the comfort of the poor natives, that might fall into his hands. But the probability is, that these Indians never designed these articles for prisoners; it is confessed that they were marching from Canada; these goods they had obtained there, by trade, and were carrying them home to their tribe. This action, says W. was highly important to the safety of the settlements, and creditable to the men engaged in it! "It was long after," says Belknap, "spoken of with an air of exultation." "The brave company, with ten scalps stretched on hoops and elevated on poles, entered Dover in triumph, and proceeded to Boston, where they received 100 pounds each, out of the public treasury!!"

Messrs. Editors, it is really worth while to look at this account of this great and brave act, which was so long spoken of with exultation! Surely, surely, the labors of Hercules were nothing to this! The Myrmidons of Achilles, and the heroes of Thermopylae, must yield in courage to the dauntless Lovell and his 40 intrepid

followers! Yes; 40 brave men, all armed, murdered ten sleeping, unarmed, unresisting Indians. This, says W. (who quotes Belknap,) was a capital exploit! If to murder the defenceless—to butcher the unsuspecting,—to stab in darkness, and to massacre the sleeping, be creditable, then no doubt this was a creditable and capital exploit, and these 40 brave men might well enter Dover in triumph! But, irony aside; it was a cowardly and base attack. In the silence of night, when the unsuspecting Indians were reposing around their fireside, the mercenary and heartless Lovell levelled his weapon of death against those, who had never harmed him! Humanity shudders at the recital of such cold-blooded assassination!

Elated by his success, Lovell marched a third time, in April, 1725, intending to attack the village of Pigwacket, and in May they reached the pond on which the memorable battle was fought with Pausus, which has lately been commemorated by a festival at Fryeburg—34 white men were in this engagement! It cannot be doubted but that the object of this excursion was to obtain scalps to barter for money. As an account of this battle has been recently published in several papers, a repetition of it is here unnecessary. We shall dwell on a few facts only. While the majority applaud the enterprise and courage of Lovell, there are others who admire the independence, the dignity, and the manly struggle of Pausus. Rapine, injustice, and a total disregard to the rights and lives of the Indians, marked the character of Lovell; not content with the 1000 pounds which he received for the scalps of the ten unoffending and unoffending Indians, that he atrociously assassinated at Wakefield; like a hungry Harpy, with an appetite increased by the aliment it fed upon, he returned to devour the remnant of the unhappy Pigwackets. He sought out this secluded tribe, and trampling down the rights of humanity and justice, with lawless hand; wrested the sceptre from Pausus, the rightful proprietor, and desolated his hereditary domains. Pausus and his warriors fell, but they made a brave struggle, fighting to the last gasp, for their country and their friends. The heroic chief was more deserving of praise than Lovell, for he fought to repel his invader, and not for a mercenary reward; he was a patriot, for he defended his native soil; he was a hero, for he shunned not danger; he was a prince, true to his subjects, for he deserted them not in the hour of their greatest need.—Pausus was a chief, persecuted while living and slandered when dead; no doubt he possessed the passions and vices of savage man, but he was a man more injured than injuring. It is quite probable, that he and his tribe, assisted in the eastern wars; but would that fact justify Lovell to make war against them in the manner he did? Day-light is not more obvious, than that the design of Lovell and his coadjutors was to attack these natives by surprise, kill and scalp them; and to this work they proceeded with a cool determination; without pity or remorse.

The first unfortunate victim of this battle, was a solitary Indian, who was pursuing his necessary avocation of fishing and fowling—him they shot, when returning home with his game. And as if they designed to do every thing to render this murder odious and detestable, the chaplain—their priest—scalped him! There was an execrable insensibility, a cold, heartless indifference in this deed of Frye's. In a professed minister of the Gospel, we look for sympathy in human woes; for benignity of disposition; think you that Frye prayed with, or for the poor benighted savage, when he was about to apply the knife to his forehead, and make a mangling incision? think you he acted the part of the good Samaritan, pouring oil and balm into his wounds? O! could no other hand be found to do this soul-revolting deed, but that which was daily spread before Jehovah in public prayer! none, but that, which held the consecrated cup, and distributed the symbols of a Saviour's dying love! This theme is sickening,—we will pursue it no farther.

Upon a candid examination of the expedition against the Pigwacket tribe, can any one believe that the object of Lovell was to promote human happiness or give security to frontier towns. For the sufferings and destruction of that unhappy people, I am sure we should feel some sympathy, were not those remote events, viewed through a false and discolored medium.

THE STORY OF JOHN MEWAN, From the History of Matthew Wald.

I lodged in the house of a poor shoemaker, by the name of John M'Ewan. He had no family but his wife, who, like himself, was considerably beyond the meridian of life. The couple were very poor, as their house, and every thing about their style of living, showed; but a worthier couple, I should have had no difficulty in saying were not to be found in the whole city. When I was sitting in my own little cell, busy with my books, late at night, I used to listen with reverence and delight to the psalm which the two old bodies sung, or rather, I should say, croon'd together, before they went to bed. There was almost none; but the low, articulate, quiet chant, had something so impressive and solemnizing about it, that I missed not melody. John himself, was a hard-working man, and, like most of his trade, had acquired

a stooping attitude, and a dark, saffron hue of complexion. His close-cut, greasy, black hair suited admirably a set of strong, massive, iron features. His brow was seamed with firm, broad-drawn wrinkles, and his large gray eyes seemed to gleam, when he deigned to uplift them, with the cold, haughty independence of virtuous poverty. John was a rigid Cameronian, indeed; and every thing about his manners spoke the world-despising pride of his sect. His wife was a quiet, good body, and seemed to live in perpetual adoration of her stern cobbler. I had the strictest confidence in their probity; and would no more have thought of locking my chest ere I went out, than if I had been under the roof of an apostle.

One evening I came home, as usual, from my tutorial trudge, and entered the kitchen, where they commonly sat, to warm my hands at the fire, and get my candle lighted. Jean was by herself at the fireside, and I sat down beside her for a minute or two. I heard voices in the inner room, and easily recognised the hoarse grunt which John M'Ewan condescended on rare occasions, to set forth, as the representative of laughter. The old woman told me that the good-man had a friend from the country with him—a farmer, who had come from a distance to sell ewes at the market. Jean, indeed, seemed to take some pride in the acquaintance, enlarging upon the great substance and respectability of the stranger. I was chatting away with her, when we heard some noise from the space as if a table or chair had fallen—but we thought nothing of this, and talked on. A minute after, John came from the room, and shutting the door behind him, said, "I'm going out for a moment, Jean; Andrew's had ower muckle of the fleshers' whiskey the day, and I maun stap up the close to see after his beast for him.—Ye needna gang near him till I come back."

The cobbler said this, for any thing that I could observe, in his usual manner; and walking across the kitchen, went down stairs as he had said. But imagine, my friend, for I cannot describe the feelings with which, some five minutes perhaps after he had disappeared, I, chancing to throw my eyes downwards, perceived a dark flood creeping, firmly and broadly, inch by inch, across the sanded floor towards the place where I sat. The old woman had her stocking in her hand—I called to her without moving, for I was nailed to my chair—"See there! what is that?"

"Andrew Bell has coupit our water stoop," said she, rising.

I sprang forwards, and dipt my finger in the stream—"Blood, Jean, blood!" The old woman stooped over it, and touched it also; she instantly screamed out, "Blood ay, blood!" while I rushed on to the door from below which it was oozing. I tried the handle, and found it was locked—and spurned it off its hinges with one kick of my foot. The instant the timber gave way, the black tide rolled out as if a dam had been breaking up, and I heard my feet splash in the abomination; as I advanced. What a sight within!—The man was lying all his length on the floor; his throat absolutely severed to the spine. The whole blood of the body had run out. The table, with a pewter pot or two, and a bottle upon it, stood close beside him, and two chairs, one half-tumbled down, and supported against the other. I rushed instantly out of the house, and cried out, in a tone that brought the whole neighborhood about me. They entered the house—Jean had disappeared—there was nothing in it but the corpse and the blood, which had already found its way to the outer staircase, making the whole floor one puddle. There was such a clamor of surprise and horror for a little while, that I scarcely heard one word that was said. A bell in the neighborhood had been set in motion—dozens, scores, hundreds of people were heard rushing from every direction towards the spot. A fury of execration and alarm pervaded the very breeze. In a word, I had absolutely lost all possession of myself, until I found myself, grappled from behind, and saw a Town's-officer pointing the bloody knife towards me. A dozen voices were screaming, "Tis a doctor's knife—this is the young doctor that abides in the house—this is the man."

Of course this restored me at once to my self-possession. I demanded a moment's silence, and said, "It is my knife, and I lodge in the house; but John M'Ewan is the man that murdered his friend."

"John M'Ewan!" roared some one in the voice of tenfold horror; "our elder John M'Ewan a murderer! Wretch! wretch! how dare ye blaspheme?"

"Carry me to jail immediately," said I, as soon as the storm subsided a little—"load me with all the chains in Glasgow, but don't neglect to pursue John M'Ewan."

I was instantly locked up in the room with the dead man, while the greater part of the crowd followed one of the officers. Another of them kept watch over me until one of the magistrates of the city arrived. This gentleman, finding that I had been the person who first gave the alarm, and that M'Ewan and his wife were both gone, had little difficulty, I could perceive, in doing me justice in his own mind. However, after he had given new orders for the pursuit, I told him that, as the people about were evidently unsatisfied of my innocence, the best and

the kindest thing he could do to me would be to place me forthwith within the walls of his prison; there I should be safe at all events, and I had no doubt, if proper exertions were made, the guilty man would not only be found, but found immediately. My person being searched, nothing suspicious, of course, was found upon it; and the good bailie soon had me conveyed, under a proper guard, to the place of security—where, you may suppose, I did not, after all, spend a very pleasant night. The jail is situated in the heart of the town, where the four principal streets meet; and the glare of hurrying lights, the roar of anxious voices, and the eternal tolling of the alarm-bell—these all reached me through the bars of the cell, and together with the horrors that I had really witnessed, were more than enough to keep me in no enviable condition.

Jean was discovered, in the gray of the morning crouching under one of the trees in the Green—and being led immediately before the magistrates, the poor trembling creature confessed, by what she said, and by what she did not say, the terrible story which I had told. Some other witnesses having also appeared, who spoke to the facts of Andrew Bell's having received a large sum of money in M'Ewan's sight at the market, and been seen walking to the Vennel afterward, arm-in-arm with him—the authorities of the place were perfectly satisfied, and I was set free, with many apologies for what I had suffered. But still no word of John M'Ewan.

It was late in the day ere the first traces of him were found—and such a trace! An old woman had died that night in a cottage many miles from Glasgow—when she was almost in articulo mortis, a stranger entered the house, to ask a drink of water—an oldish dark man, evidently much fatigued with walking. This man, finding in what great affliction the family was—this man, after drinking a cup of water, knelt down by the bed-side, and prayed—a long, an awful, a terrible prayer. The people thought he must be some travelling field-preacher. He took the Bible into his hands—opened it as if he meant to read aloud—but shut the book abruptly, and took his leave. This man had been seen by these poor people to walk in the direction of the sea.

They traced the same dark man to Irvine, and found that he had embarked on board of a vessel which was just getting under sail for Ireland. The officers immediately hired a small brig, and sailed also. A violent gale arose, and drove them for shelter to the Isle of Arran. They landed, the second night after they had left Irvine, on that bare and desolate shore—they landed, and beheld the ship they were in pursuit of at the quay!

The Captain acknowledged at once that a man corresponding to their description had been one of his passengers from Irvine—he had gone ashore but an hour before.

They searched—they found M'Ewan striding by himself close to the sea-beach, amidst the dashing spray—his Bible in his hand. The instant he saw them he said—"You need not tell me your errand—I am he you seek—I am John M'Ewan, that murdered Andrew Bell." I surrendered myself your prisoner.—Gon told me but this moment that ye would come and find me; for I opened his word, and the first text that my eye fell upon was this." He seized the officer by the hand, and laid his finger upon the page—"See you there? said he; "Do you see the Lord's own blessed decree? 'Who so sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' And there," he added, plucking a pocket-book from his bosom—"there, friends, is Andrew Bell's siller—ye'll find the hull o' there, and be not three half-crowns and a sixpence. Seven-and-thirty pounds was the sum for which I yielded up my soul to the temptation of the Prince of the Power of the Air—Seven-and-thirty pounds!—Ah! my brethren! call me not an olive, until thou see me gathered. I thought that I stood fast, and beheld ye all how I am fallen!"

I saw this singular fanatic tried. He would have pleaded guilty; but, for excellent reasons, the Crown Advocate wished the whole evidence to be had. John had dressed himself with scrupulous accuracy in the very clothes he wore when he did the deed. The blood of the murdered man was still visible upon the sleeve of his blue coat. When any circumstance of peculiar atrocity was mentioned by a witness, he signified, by a solemn shake of his head, his sense of its darkness and its conclusiveness; and when the judge, in addressing him, enlarged upon the horror of his guilt, he, standing right before the bench, kept his eye fixed with calm earnestness on his Lordship's face, assenting now and then to the propriety of what he said, by exactly that sort of see-saw gesture which you may have seen escape now and then from the devout listener to a pathetic sermon or sacramental service. John, in a short speech of his own, expressed his sense of his guilt; but even then he borrowed the language of the Scripture, styling himself "a sinner, and the chief of sinners." Never was such a specimen of that insane pride. The very agony of this man's humiliation had a spite of holy exaltation in it; there was in the most penitent of his luxurious glances still something that said, or seemed to say—"Abuse me—spurn me as you will—I loathe myself also; but this deed is Satan's." Indeed he always continued to speak quite gravely of his "trespass," his "back-sliding," his "sore temptation."

I was present also with him during the final scene. His irons had been knocked off ere he entered the cell; and clothed as he was in a most respectable suit of black, and with that fixed and imperturbable solemnity of air and aspect, upon my conscience, I think it would have been a difficult matter for any stranger to pick

out the murderer among the group of clergymen that surrounded him. In vain did these good men labor to knock away the absurd and impious props upon which the happy fanatic leaned himself. He heard what they said, and instantly said something still stronger himself—but only to shrink back again to his own fastness with redoubled confidence. "He had once been right, and he could not be wrong—he had been permitted to make a sore stumble!"—This was his utmost concession.

What a noble set of nerves had been thrown away here!—He was led, sir, out of the dark, damp cellar, in which he had been chained for weeks, and brought at once into the open air. His first step into light was upon his scaffold;—and what a moment!—In general, at least in Scotland, the crowd assembled upon such occasions, receive the victim of the law with all the solemnity of profoundest silence;—not unfrequently there is even something of the respectful, blended with compassion, on that myriad of faces. But here, sir, the moment M'Ewan appeared, he was saluted with one universal shout of horror—a huzza of mingled joy and triumph; and execration, and laughter;—cats, rats, every filth of the pillory, showered about the gibbet. I was close by his elbow at that terrific moment, and I laid my finger on his wrist. As I live, there was never a calmer pulse in this world—slow, full, strong—I feel the iron beat of it at this moment.

There happened to be a slight drizzle of rain at the moment; observing which, he turned round and said to the Magistrates,—"Dinna come out, dinna come out, your honors, to wet yourselves, it's beginning to rain, and the lads are uncivil at any rate, poor thoughtless creatures!"

He took his leave of this angry mob in a speech which would not have disgraced a martyr, embracing the stake of glory, and the noose was tied. I observed the brazen firmness of his limbs after his face was covered. He flung the handkerchief with an air of semi-benediction, and died without one apparent struggle.

ECONOMY.

To keep Green Peas.—Shell, and put them into a kettle of water when it boils; give them two or three washes only, and pour them into a colander. When the water drains off turn them on a dresser covered with cloth to dry perfectly. Then bottle them in wide-mouthed bottles, leaving only room to pour clarified mutton suet on them an inch thick, and for the cork. Roast it down, and keep it in a cellar or in the earth. When they are to be used, boil them till tender, with a bit of butter, a spoonful of sugar, and a bit of mint.

Probably green corn might be preserved by either of the above methods, and thus the prudent house-keeper may be provided with that palatable and nutritious substance at any and all times of the year.—N. E. Far.

Cucumbers.—In the last No. of the *New-England Journal of Medicine and Surgery*, are reported two cases of convulsions and delirium, produced by eating raw cucumbers with the green rind on, one of which terminated fatally. The symptoms were similar to those of a person suffering under the effects of some narcotic poison, of not a very active nature.

Cure for the Bowed Complaint.—Take a quantity of elder berries when perfectly ripe, press out the juice, set it over a slow fire, add as much brown sugar as will make it palatable, let it simmer till it becomes a thin syrup, and then add one third brandy, and cork it up for use.—One wine glass is a dose for a grown person, and in the same proportion for children. It may be given three or four times a day without the smallest risk.

To prepare Fruit for Children, a far more wholesome way than in Pies and Puddings.—Put apples sliced, or plums, currants, gooseberries, &c. into a stone jar, and sprinkle as much loaf sugar as necessary among them; set the jar on a hot hearth, or in a sauce-pan of water, and let it remain till the fruit is perfectly done.

To Preserve the Teeth.—It is said that washing the mouth every morning with common salt water will preserve the teeth and gums, sweeten the breath, and answer every purpose of the more costly dentifrices, which genteel people are in the habit of using.

Whooping Cough.—A plaster of Gum Gaibannum, applied to the chest cures this complaint.—Med. Adv.

To cure the Cholera in horses.—A correspondent of the *American Farmer* says, in substance, that linseed oil, administered in the quantity of from half a pint to a pint, in proportion to the violence of symptoms, is a never failing remedy for colic in horses. He says, he has sometimes efficacious, but often fails in cases of colic.

LONDON TRADERS. There are 40,000 trading firms in London. Of these the haberdashers, though dealing in small wares, carry on a great business. One house alone is known to receive on an average one million and a half sterling a year, or about 4000 guineas a day. There are other houses receiving 4000 a day. There was a famous cutter, Mr. Clark, who retained his small wares to such purpose, on Exeter Change, as to amass a million of money, and while he paid 70000 a year to government as income-tax, he only spent a shilling a day for his own dinner!

A few nights ago, the Medical Library of this city, was broken into, and a number of valuable books carried away. No traces were found either of the robbers or the books until yesterday forenoon, when a cartier found some of the latter concealed beneath a bridge leading to Pointe a Calliere. We had until now, no idea that the rogues who haunt this city and neighborhood were such great literary characters.

Profitable Sport.—The *Barnstable Gazette*, mentions that the schr. Charlotte, Capt. Robbins, of the Cape, caught 31 Halibut and 7 quintal of Codfish in one forenoon—the smallest of 3 of the Halibut weighed 250 lbs.; the whole was accomplished by five men.

Ontario County, (New-York) contained only 1,031 inhabitants in 1790. It has since been divided into seven counties, and their aggregate population in 1820, was 221,327!

It is mentioned, that Col. Sweet is preparing for a new edition of his *Historical Sketch of the Battle of Bunker-Hill*.

FOREIGN.

The *Braganza*, 42 days from Liverpool, arrived at New-York on Sunday, bringing papers of June 21.

FROM ENGLAND.—The bill to allow newspapers to be printed on paper of a larger size than is now allowed, and to reduce the stamp duties on newspapers, has had a first and second reading in the Commons. The Scotch shooting and stabbing bill had been read a third time in the House of Commons and passed.

On the second reading of the quarantine bill in the House of Lords, Lord King contended "that the plague could not be contagious, since it was well known that when it ceased, it ceased suddenly at its greatest height, and when, if it were contagious, it must necessarily spread itself more widely, instead of disappearing.—There was, he said, full as much evidence to prove the existence of witchcraft, as there was to prove that the plague was contagious."

It was the general opinion in London, that an act of grace would be passed by the King, in favor of the restoration of Sir Robert Wilson to his former rank in the army.

The *London Gazette* announces that a new gold and silver coinage is to be made. There are to be added to the present coinage, a gold coin called the five pound piece, and the double sovereign or forty shilling piece.

There was a dreadful fire in London on the 21st of June, which broke out on the premises of Mr. Cruikshank, Carver & Giltet, in the rear of Titchfield-st. and spreading to Great Portland-street, &c. and destroying property to the amount of 200,000. sterling; about 20 buildings were reduced to a pile of ruins.

Liverpool, June 21.—Mr. Clegg, the engineer, has given an explanation of a very important improvement, introduced at the *Atina* iron works, in the construction of the safety valves of boilers. It is a fact well authenticated by the evidence taken before the committee of the House of Commons, and on a long list of coroner's inquests, that the explosion of steam boilers, has uniformly been owing to the ignorance and rashness of the engineer in weighting the safety valves, particularly in high pressure engines. To obviate this serious evil, Mr. Clegg has invented a counteracting safety valve, over which the engineer has no control, and which only acts when the steam is rarefied beyond its proper temperature.

FRANCE.—The dates from Paris are of the 21st of June.—The *Journal des Debats* contains an article, dated Madrid, June 9, relative to the change of Ministers for Foreign Affairs, and the Minister of the Marine, signed together a report, which the former laid before the King, praying the dismissal of the Minister of War, Aymeire, and of Sabarjal, Captain General of Madrid, as they stated the conduct of those high functionaries to be incompatible with that general reconciliation which was desirable at the present moment.

The King read the paper from the beginning to the end, and remarked, that the matter of it demanded the most serious consideration.

On this fact was founded the rumor that the Ministers who presented this Report, had dismissed themselves, on the supposition that the King had given no answer to their proposition.

SPAIN.—This beautiful and once flourishing country, which under a mild government would be rich, prosperous, and happy, is now in a most wretched and miserable condition, and is continually sinking into deeper degradation and suffering under the fool-hardy tyranny of the ungrateful being who sits upon the throne. The following extract of a letter from Madrid, is given in one of the London papers:—[N. Y. States.]

"The King is in a state of terror at the progress and audacity of Larena, (an ex-officer of the constitutional army—very wealthy,) who still scours the country near Aranjuez, and defies even the body guard of the King; but the chief cause of terror is an officer of cavalry, who has sworn to avenge the murder of nine of the band which he has formed. These men were executed here the other day, and died calling upon their captain to punish their murderers. A detachment of the Lancers of the Royal Guard were sent out against the band two days ago, but were shamefully defeated, and two of them fell by the sword of the captain whose head has since had a price set upon it. A larger body of troops was ordered out, but they refused to march, without their arrears of pay; this is now the tone of all, and Ferdinand threatens to raise money by a forced loan of sixty millions of reals upon the merchants of Madrid and Cadiz. The greatest misery pervades the country, and the fever is appearing in many places. In Andalusia the people are starving, corn being beyond their means of purchase. Fifty miles from the province it is only at one fourth of its price in Andalusia, but as nine out of the ten convicts fall into the hands of the Constitutionalists, little can be obtained."

The *Journal de Grand* states in its correspondence from Madrid, that the clergy have again offered to raise an army for King Ferdinand, on condition of his agreeing to allow them the nomination of the officers, and to insist upon the evacuation of the fortified place, by the French troops. The frost in Spain has been so injurious to the corn that the price of bread has risen considerably. It appears by an article in this paper, that French money is no longer legally allowed to circulate in the Netherlands, the Bank having refused to receive it in payment of bills. The French money is to be exchanged for the new coinage of the Netherlands.

Madrid, June 6.—Mr. Lamb, the British Minister plenipotentiary, has just arrived here. It is pretended that the Cabinet of St. James has complained to our Government, that the Clergy had intermeddled in the affairs of the Catholics of Ireland relative to their emancipation.

Switzerland, June 20.—It does not seem likely that the conferences which were expected to take place at Milan will lead to any results that can have much influence on the affairs of Europe in general. It becomes daily more and more doubtful whether the affairs of Greece will be discussed at all at Milan. An intervention in their affairs, without the co-operation of England would be of no avail. The real object of the conferences is said to be the regulation of the affairs of Italy.

GREECE.—From Trieste, dated June 7, news had been received confirming the former intelligence of the success of the Greeks at Navarino. "On the 19th and 20th the glorious and holy day of the assumption, the brave Greeks burned the whole of the remainder of the Egyptian fleet in the port of Navarino.—At the same time the troops under the President Conduriotis and Mavromichalis fell on the Egyptian army, beat them completely and made themselves masters of their camp. Few, very few Egyptians escaped to Modon. This glorious and unexampled victory has freed Navarino from the enemy. We have also learned as certain, that Mehemed Ali, the Satrap of Egypt is dead. If it be not true that he is already dead, he will die on learning the entire destruction of his formidable expedition, which we have confirmed from all quarters.

On the 21st of May there was a severe action, in which the barbarians lost many men in the plain of Tarco, which is the famous plain of Leuctra, immortalized by a victory of Epaminondas. On the

21th, the equally famous plain of Clonema was the theatre of a new victory of the Greeks. At Daulis, on the 6th, 600 Turks surrendered with Olyseus to Gen. Goura."

From the *Oriental Star*. SMYRNA, April 20.—Twenty-eight Greek vessels have been lately seen near the Islands Miconisi.

An Austrian galliot, bound from Smyrna to Stancho, was met by a Greek vessel, which plundered it of every thing on board. There are many similar complaints. Another Greek vessel, in contempt of the French flag, took out of a vessel in the ruins of Hierout, in Syria, commanded by Captain Cely, a quantity of silver which was on board, declaring it to be Turkish property, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the French Vice-Consul.

Letters from Scio of the 16th April, say—"The Rumoliet regiment of Omar Pacha has lately had a violent affray with the suite of the Aga of the Japhsaries, in which there were 12 men killed and 20 wounded of the two parties. Omar has received orders to quit the island."

The Greek Mistics continued to infest the sea. They very lately plundered a French boat. The prosperity of our island continues to revive. The Catholics, who, as long as the Vice Consulate of France existed, enjoyed a constant and efficacious protection, do not despair of seeing it re-established, as it was useful in many respects, independently of its services to commerce.

From the *National Journal*.

THE GREEK GUY.—We have heard before of the safe arrival at Leghorn of the *Cannon*, &c. sent by Mr. McQueen, of New-York, as a present to the Greeks, from some gentlemen of that city; but as the following gives some information which we were not before in possession of, we have no doubt it will be read with interest.

Extract of a Letter dated Florence, March 29.

"On the 26th of February arrived at Leghorn, the American brig *Pedlar*, Captain Bray, belonging to Messrs. Bruens, of New-York, having on board a forty-two pounder, presented to the Greeks, last year, by Alderman McQueen of that city, together with the various warlike ammunition for the use of the Greeks. The nature of the destination of these articles made a lively impression in Tuscany, and a contrary sensation between the people and the Government, because in quality of neutral, the latter did not perceive with pleasure that the port of Leghorn should have been made a depot for arms, to serve in war against one of their allies, and because their conduct in this is watched by the Ministers of foreign powers. In spite of this, however, they permitted the unloading of the above articles, which have been re-shipped for their destination."

The writer of the letter says, he thinks the people of the U. States ought not to be ignorant of this disposition of the Tuscan government, and of the danger of a seizure of such articles, sent from America to Leghorn, for Greece. And he suggests as the safest and surest means of their certain conveyance, is to make out the Bills of Lading directly for the Greek Government, at Napoli di Romania.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.—We have just received, (says the *Baltimore Gazette*), by the schooner *Blucher*, Captain Smith, in 25 days from Sacrificios, Mexican papers to the 1st of July, containing the official account of the surrender to the Mexican government of the Spanish 74 gun ship *Aria*, and brig of war *Constante*! It will be recollected that these vessels were not included in the capitulation made at Ayacucho, but sailed from Callao with some of the officers of the defeated army, for Manila. The *Gazette* has translated the Despatch of Gen. Victoria, announcing this surrender, together with the articles of capitulation enclosed in it; but the editors remark, that the documents alleged to precede the surrender at Monterrey, are too long for present publication.

The following is the despatch above mentioned, translated from the *Gazette* of Mexico, extra, 15th June:—

[New-York Statesman.]

Office of the Military Commandant of Acapulco, to the Secretary of State and War, in Mexico.

EXCELLENCY SIR—I have the honor to communicate to your Excellency, that the *Asia* 74, and the brig *Constante*, both Spanish vessels of war, cast anchor in this port at 6 o'clock, P. M. They capitulated on the first of May last, under the command of Don Jose Martinez, who has presented me a despatch of the Commanding General of Monterrey, and a copy of the capitulation, which he himself made; he has also informed me of every circumstance which transpired previous to the capitulation. All the documents, consisting of four sheets, he directed to your Excellency. Congratulating myself on being able to transmit to your knowledge this happy event, for the success and prosperity of the nation. MANUEL VICTORIA.

Acapulco, 11th June, 1825.

The Capitulation was made out at Monterrey, on the 15th of May, and consists of eight Articles:—The 1st, places the vessels at the disposition of the Mexican government, and adds, that the brig was separated from the *Asia*, in a tempest on the 6th April, and unless any accident shall happen to her she will be comprised in the treaty.

The 2d, guarantees the safety of the individuals on board, their property and rank on their submitting themselves to the laws of the States.

In the 3d, Don Jose Martinez, commander-in-chief of this naval force, his officers and crew, offer to swear to the independence of the country, except those who wish to go to any of the Spanish settlements, to whom every necessary aid will be given.

The 4th, authorizes the appointment of commissioners to carry the treaty into effect and fit out the vessels to sail for Acapulco.

By the 5th, the Mexican government agrees to pay all the arrears of the crews.

The 6th, contemplates the necessity of passports, which the government offers to grant.

The 7th is: "Every interpretation which may be made with regard to the present treaty, shall be construed in favor of the capitulation."

The 8th is the ratification, &c.

This capitulation, will give a most valuable addition to the infant Navy of Mexico, and he deeply felt by the Spanish Government. N. Y. Statesman.

FROM TEXAS.—The *Arkansas Gazette* of June 23th, says, "A gentleman who returned a few days previous from the southern counties of the territory, informs us, that very late advices had just been received from Mr. Austin's settlement, on the Colorado, in the Praying of Texas, stating that a great and unusual rise of the river had taken place, this spring, which had overflowed and destroyed nearly all the corn and other crops of the settlers. This distressing calamity happened so late in the season, as to prevent the possibility of replanting, and great suffering was anticipated by the settlers in consequence of the loss of their crops. Game was exceedingly scarce, and many of the inhabitants were obliged to subsist on wild berries or mustangs. A large portion of the settlers were in indigent circumstances, and the prospects of all by no means favorable."

Major George Evans, of Ga. Iner, has been appointed and commissioned Judge Advocate of the 2d division of "Army Militia," in place of Major Peter Spragg, resigned.

DOULASS.

BANGOR, August 4.

Fire.—On Monday last, at about half past one o'clock, P. M. fire was discovered bursting from the hay-loft of Mr. Jacob Chick's stable. The alarm was immediately given, and every exertion made to suppress it, but unsuccessfully till about 4 o'clock, when it was got under control, during which time it made shocking devastation.

The stable and out houses of Mr. Chick—The stable of Major Williams—Capt. Hasey's Inn and stable—The dwelling house, stable and out houses of Mr. John Barker—The dwelling house owned and occupied by Mr. Simon Harriman and Mr. John Reynolds, were entirely consumed.

We have not ascertained, and are unable to make an estimate of the loss of personal property; but understand that most of the furniture of the houses burnt was saved. Two horses and five hogs were burnt to death.

It hardly admits of a doubt that the stable was set fire to by design. Friend Watson, a young man about 19 years old, of intemperate habits, and violent temper, was taken up on suspicion on Tuesday, examined yesterday and committed to jail to take his trial at the next term of the Supreme Court.

THE MURDER OF RUDDER.—A disclosure has been made since the inquest, which has given an entirely new face to this horrid transaction, and stamped it with features of a much more execrable cast. It will be recollected that the evidence given by the family of the deceased at the inquest, (as detailed in our paper of last Wednesday,) stated that he was murdered by a colored man, who entered his room between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening, perpetrated the deed in the very face of his wife and children, who were sitting in a contiguous room. As the deceased was known to have had some disturbance with a free colored man, named Sam Cuffee, suspicion immediately fell on him, and a warrant was issued to apprehend him. Still, however, it was difficult to conceive how he or any other man in his senses, whether instigated by revenge, (and there would have been no other inducement in this case, Rudder being a poor laboring man,) or by plunder, should have gone into a house where there was so large a family, to commit a murder, almost in broad daylight, for the time the murder is stated to have been committed, could have been but a few minutes after sun-down; how he should have known of Rudder's going to bed at that uncommon hour, and how it was that no effort was made by the three stout females present to secure the unfortunate man from the grasp of the murderer. Dark surmises and suspicious began to arise, and enquiries to be made, all too well justified by the sequel; for, by the voluntary confession of one of the children, the horrid deed was proved to have been committed by one of Rudder's own daughters! The whole family were upon this discovery summoned before a magistrate, and Betsey Rudder, the young woman charged with the deed, was committed to jail; the rest were discharged, the evidence of their participation in it not being sufficiently strong to warrant their commitment. The witness, Nancy Rudder, stated that her sister Betsey effected her bloody purpose by means of an iron pestle, with which she literally beat in her father's skull! Some other facts have been related to us, which it would be indiscreet to publish for the present. Enough is known to shock and disgust every reader of ordinary sensibility.

Rudder is represented to have been a hard working and rather well disposed man; at times addicted to intoxication, when he was apt to be cross; and on the whole, lived upon very bad terms with his wife and children.

Doct. William A. Walsh, from Lansingburg, in New-York, received his trial before the Superior Court for Columbia County, Georgia, a few days since. It will be recollected that this is the person who was apprehended on board the steam-boat Fire Fly, in New-York, in August, 1823, on the information of Mr. William S. Miter, of that city, for the murder of John Wynne, of Columbia C. H. Georgia. The trial continued four days, (commencing on the 12th and closing on the 15th July,) when the jury retired and returned in a short time with a verdict of *not guilty*. *Hartford Times.*

The New-York papers doubt the correctness of the Washington Gazette report, that Capt. Creighton is coming home from the Mediterranean under arrest. He commands the *Cyane* and was at Gibraltar the 13th June; and in a letter of that date says, "it is rumored that I am to go home with my ship. Indeed I think it may be probable, as the time of service of the men will expire in August."

EMANCIPATION.—In addition to the fact of the emancipation of 70 slaves by Mr. Mizer, of Virginia, the Richmond Whig says, that two instances of the triumph of philanthropy and patriotism, over the sordid selfishness of our nature, can be recited, equally as meritorious and splendid as that act of distinguished munificence. The Rev. Fletcher Andrew, an ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, had received from the bounty of a dying relative, twenty slaves, at that time valued at \$10,000; shortly after he attained the age of twenty-one years, although they constituted nearly the whole of his worldly property, this amiable and pious man, generously emancipated every one of them. And Mr. Charles Crenshaw, a farmer, residing in the neighborhood of Richmond, has recently manumitted all the slaves he owned, amounting altogether to sixty.

Augustin Lelamand, Spanish Consul for East Florida, appointed by the Constitutional Government, has been condemned to death at Madrid. His crime is, having edited the Madrid Gazette while it was a liberal paper. Fortunately, however, Mr. L. is beyond the reach of the tyrant, as he is residing with his family at Charleston, (S. C.)—*N. York Spectator.*

The sky was yesterday at times, overshadowed with dark clouds, and we were visited by a few drops of rain at intervals; but none of consequence. With the exception of maize, there is scarcely a green vegetable to be seen in the neighboring country; the pastures are literally scorched up. Vegetables in any quantity or variety, have almost disappeared from our markets.—*N. Y. Spec. Aug. 1.*

The concerns of the New-Hampshire State Prison, have been so managed, that the net income in the course of the two last years, has so accumulated, that the Warden has been able, in the month of July, to deposit in the Treasury, for the use of the State, the sum of five thousand dollars, and retain a sufficiency for the convenience of the institution. *Pall.*

During the last season there were shipped from Nashville, Tenn. 15,037 bales of cotton, estimated to have produced in the New-Orleans market, one million, one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.—The growing crop is expected to exceed 30,000 bales.

Col. Joseph Chandler, of Augusta, has been appointed Postmaster, of that town, vice R. C. Vose, Esq.

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1825.

LOVELL'S FIGHT.—We give this week on our first page, some farther account of Lovell's Fight with the Indians at Pigwacket, now Fryeburg. As the centennial anniversary of that battle was celebrated at that place, in May last, it has been the means of producing some collision in the opinions of men upon the justice of Lovell's waging war with the Pigwacket tribe, at that time. Of this, however, we express no opinion, but mean to give our readers every facility in our power, of forming a correct one.

SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—We notice that the Editor of the *Lincoln Intelligencer*, recommends Wisconsin, for the future seat of Government of this State. As it is becoming quite fashionable for newspaper Editors to recommend their own towns for almost every thing, we would take the liberty to recommend our village for the seat of Government; but, lest we should be thought interested, we shall defer it for the present, and leave it to the decision of great folks, to say where it shall be. The Legislature, perhaps, are as well accommodated, for the present, at Portland, as they would be at any other place in the State; and we hope there will not be so much time spent by that body, in discussing this question at the next session as there was the last.

HON. SAMUEL WHITNEY, who has represented the County of Hancock at the Senate board of this State, for several years past, has declined being considered a candidate for re-election.

INFORMATION GIVEN.—The Editors of the *American Traveller*, have inquired of us, where we got our information, when we stated "it was sickly in Boston." We would inform them that we obtained the first clue to it, from a private letter received from an individual in that City; and also from a paragraph of the like import in some one of our mail papers. As this was news to the *TRAVELLER*, we have no doubt our information was incorrect; and we are pleased to receive that which is correct.

TWILIGHT.—The Editor of the *Eastport Sentinel* says, that twilight continues in that place until ten o'clock, P. M., and that he can read "small print" by it until nine. We should think that he must have a little moon-light, or he has much better eye-sight than we have.

PLEASE GIVE CREDIT.—As the *Chelmsford Phoenix* is "devoted to every thing good," we would just hint to its Editor to give us credit for our good articles he copies.

The commencement at Waterville College, will take place the last Wednesday of this month, and that at Bowdoin, the first Wednesday in September.

We are requested to give notice, the Rev. GEORGE BATES will preach at Buckfield village the ensuing Sabbath.

Communications.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MR. BARTON.—Noticing in your last paper some individual nominations for Senators in this County, I would inquire, why the people are not to support

HON. CORNELIUS HOLLAND, of Canton, for the Senate board? He is as well qualified as any gentleman whatever; has also the advantage of experience; and I have no doubt will be elected, if brought before the people for their suffrages. A REPUBLICAN.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MR. EDITOR.
I will thank you to insert the following letter in the *Observer*. It was picked up unsealed, in the highway: It was, doubtless, dropped by some careless, strolling post-boy, who was conveying it to its rightful owner. The lady to whom it is directed may receive all the benefit to be derived from it, by its publication in your paper.
CIMON.

Letter from Mrs. Sylvana to Mrs. Urbana—or from the Country to the Town and City.

DEAR URBANA.—I have frequently had it in contemplation, during this hot weather, against which the prattling part of your family finds much fault, to give your children an invitation to come up hither. You frequently send us, by our post-boy, a long catalogue of your complaints, as if our pity would alleviate your distresses. You must think us very good Physicians, indeed, to be able to cure your disorders by only learning their symptoms. I have been surprised that so many of your children, who are so fond of beauty and red cheeks, stay kennelled up in so hot a place, during so hot a season. True, you tell about making excursions to the "Light House," to the "Bower," and to "Nahant;" but these are so short, that you scarcely acquire a relish for our rural luxuries. Your atmosphere is far more intensely heated, than ours, by reason of the reflection of the rays of the sun, from your numerous wooden and brick buildings, which are conductors as well as retainers of heat. The immense quantity of wood, daily consumed in your stoves and chimneys, adds, in no small degree, to the intensity of heat. And besides, an over-heated atmosphere is always charged, more or less, with the seeds of malignant distempers. You are every day exposed, not only to diseases, generated in your own vicinity by noxious vapours, rising from neighboring morasses, from putrefying substances, and from filth, constantly accumulating in a place like yours; but you are also in constant danger of being attacked by distempers, foreign to our

climate, conveyed from more sickly parts. And then you must acknowledge that your children are never so robust and muscular as mine; and even in the most healthy seasons, they never look so ruddy. A continuation of heat produces a depression of their spirits—it relaxes all their muscles and energies. They retire at night languid, and debilitated, and rise in the morning without having recovered any strength. Many of your boys and girls have nothing to prevent their making a tour, of a few weeks into my territories; but a squeamish prejudice. Your foolish caprices against my dependencies ought to be done away: Your prudish whims, and jiltish airs, don't well become a Gentle lady, like yourself, who makes great pretensions to good breeding.

Now, my good sister Urbana, we have a thousand charms here to induce your children to come and visit us. If we have not the tones of the Piano, of the Organ, or of the Beethoven Society, to captivate us, yet we have an abundance of Village-singers, and woodland-warblers that carol musical melodies. It would give our boys and girls much delight to sport and frolic about our mountains and meadows with yours. Children are always fond of berries and fruit; and I cannot believe yours different from every body's else. We now have whortleberries and blackberries in the greatest profusion. Our munificent crop of cherries is not as yet all exhausted. It seems, that our good Parent, the author of all being—has this season, scattered the riches of vegetation with a most prodigal hand. Our early apple is fast beginning to ripen; the pomegranate will redder in a few days; the peach begins to blush; the rare-ripe pear invites you to pluck it; the damson-plum will soon melt in the mouth; the grapes, in rich clusters, will soon expose their purple cheeks; the watermelon, the muskmelon, the melons, and the cantelope, multiply and enlarge with unexampled rapidity. But if your children visit us, we shall desire you to give them your most imperious commands to follow our regimen and discipline while they remain here. We shall expect our visitors to rise with the sun, and breakfast at six. Now it has been slyly whispered by some of our good old maiden ladies, who are always the depositaries of our secrets, that you have some strange animals in your families, called *Dandies*: that they differ as much from men, to whose species some crazy Philosophers pretend they belong, as man differs from the Orang-Outang and the Baboon. We learn, they make frightful noises, by ominous wheezings, hollow belchings, and sepulchral gulplings. Our skittish old maidens have it, that these semi-brute animals take a ghostly delight in haunting their sex, in most unearthly forms; that they sometimes separate themselves in their centre, and are seen stalking "to and fro, up and down the earth;"—their upper half walking head downwards, on their fore-paws; and their under half supported, as usual, by their hind-paws. Notwithstanding their most hideous forms, it is believed, these monstrous beings enjoy Tartarean satisfaction, in palming off their sickening politeness, and French galantry, on the fair sex. If you have such fiend-like creatures in your family, I pray you keep them at home to do your drudgery, while some of the rest of your children visit us. If our girls, after hearing so many frightful stories about dandies, as our good old nurses put in circulation here, should see one of these apparitions approach them, they would run mad as soon as they would to see the sea-serpent, stretching and drawing his giant coils over our hills and mountains, at the rate of twenty knots an hour. If any of your upstart girls and boys are foolish enough to wear such kind of trappings as we have heard of up here, called "belts" and "corsets," let it cost how many sighs and sobs it may, we shall have them unlash the moment they get into our houses. We will except however all gentlemen afflicted with the dropsy, and unmarried ladies in suspicious circumstances.

We should be pleased to see your more polished lads and lasses, in concert with our no less frank and generous-hearted children, rambling over our groves and pastures. We will engage to furnish them with as pure an air and as healthful a breeze as was ever breathed in Italy. Let them tarry here till your atmosphere becomes salubrious, and your summer diseases abated, and we will send them home with rosy cheeks, athletic bodies, and invigorated minds.

From your ever affectionate friend and sister,
SYLVANA.

Aug. 8, 1825.

P. S. If you have any children of doubtful morals, I will thank you to keep them at home: We would not have ours corrupted. SYLVANA.

MR. BARTON.—I have been expecting for some weeks past to hear some account of the wonderful campaign that 'Old Bachelor' said he was about to engage in. As some writers for your paper are in the habit of guessing, I should guess that he has not obtained all the reinforcements he anticipated. I also should guess he will obtain the assistance of 'TITMUS,' what few hours he does not devote to sleep, although he wrote rather in a jesting way of him.

MR. BARTON.—To shew the fruitfulness of the present season, please to give the following information:
Blueberries have been gathered from the Mowing-ground of the subscriber, (at the foot of 'Streaked Mountain,') which measured two inches in circumference. C. PRENTISS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
We must request our friend 'J. K. H.' to recollect the postage on his favors transmitted to us by mail. 'C.' in answer to 'O. P.' will appear next week.

Key-Abelian Nominations

Senators for Cumberland County.
ROBERT P. DUNLAP, Esq.
JOSIAH DUNN, Jr. Esq.
JAMES C. CHURCHILL, Esq.

Schatois for York County.
Hon. MARK DENNETT,
DANIEL GOODENOW, Esq.
Doct. MOSES SWETT.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

A Convention of the Republicans of Oxford County, will be holden at the Court-House in Paris, on Wednesday the 24th day of August next, at 6 o'clock, P. M. for the purpose of designating the Candidates for Senators, &c. for said County the ensuing year. Each town and plantation will send one Delegate—and such towns as send a Representative, will send two each. By order of the County Committee.
July 14.

The Republicans

Of the town of PARIS, are requested to meet at the Court-House in said town, on SATURDAY the TWENTIETH instant, at FOUR of the clock, P. M. for the purpose of choosing two Delegates to attend the County Convention to be holden at the same place on the 24th instant.
PARIS, AUG. 9, 1825.

Married.

In this town, 4th inst. by Jairus Shaw, Esq. Mr. WILLIAM BROOKS to Mrs. DORCAS LOYKOR. In Boston, the Rev. Solomon Sias, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and publisher of Zion's Herald, to Mrs. Amelia Hewes.

Died.

In this town, on Sunday evening last, very suddenly, SUSAN, daughter of Mr. Joseph Hammond, aged 13 years. In Hebron, on the 12th instant, Mr. Ambrose Allen, of Portland. In Surry, N. H. Widow Sarah Hayward, 69.

FOR SALE.

TO BE SOLD ON THE PREMISES, EIGHTH OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, A GOOD and spacious FARM, situated in the northern part of Dixfield, containing about one hundred and fifty acres of Excellent LAND, a large proportion of which is under good improvement—a young, but thrifty ORCHARD of about two hundred Apple Trees; some of which now bear—culls from twenty to thirty tons of HAY—plenty of PASTURE of the best quality—a new and convenient HOUSE, well finished—an ASSESSMENT of WATER conveyed into the house—a good BARN, about thirty and forty. Said Farm is situated about three fourths of a mile from the District School-house. Terms of sale, favorable to the purchaser. For further particulars inquire of SEAS BARNARD, or PHILIP ABBOTT, Jr. in said Dixfield. *tf 50*

FOR SALE.

CENTRALLY situated in Turner Village, about one half acre of LAND, lying between the main road running through said Village and Twenty Mile River—To be sold with an elegant two-story DWELLING HOUSE, WOOD HOUSE and one half of a LARGE STABLE situated thereon, and a good WELL of WATER. Said Stand is a rare chance for any mechanic, being the centre of the town, and situated near three Stores, Saw-mill, Grist-mill, Carding-machine, Oil-mill, Fulling-mill, &c. It also affords a good stand for a Trader or an Innholder. Purchasers would do well to call and see for themselves; and as the subscriber is about closing his business to remove from town, they may depend upon very fair terms and pay made easy. Those who calculate to purchase, are wished to call before the first of October, as the property if not sold before that time, will be disposed of in a different manner. ISAAC BONNEY, 2d. *tf 50*

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE

ON RUFUS BARKER'S ESTATE. THE subscribers having been appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of RUFUS BARKER, late of Waterford, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice, that six months from the first day of August instant, are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and that we shall attend that service at the office of CHARLES WHITMAN, in said Waterford, on the first Saturdays of October and December next, at two o'clock, in the afternoon of said days. DANIEL BROWN, } Commis-
CHARLES WHITMAN, } sioners. *50*

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, SS. JULY 30, 1825. TAKEN by virtue of Execution, and to be sold at Public Vendue, on Monday the twenty-ninth day of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the dwelling-house of Capt. SAMUEL PUMILLY, in Turner, in said County, all the right in equity of redemption which Capt. SAMUEL PUMILLY has in and to the Farm on which he now lives, and is the same Farm which the said Pumilly mortgaged to Capt. Aaron Soul of Turner. HASTINGS STRICKLAND, Jr. Deputy Sheriff. *53*

STRAYED OR STOLEN

FROM the Pasture of JAMES THOMPSON, in Buckfield, a red HORSE, four years old, with one white hind foot, and a dark red spot on each side, occasioned by a gall. Whoever will secure said horse, or give information to the subscriber, shall be rewarded for their trouble. NICHOLAS HALL. *53*

NOTICE.

TAKEN up by the subscriber, a black, three year old mare COLT, with one white spot on the side of the left hind foot—trots all. The owner is requested to come and prove property, pay charges, and take her away. PHILIP C. GASON. *Paris, Aug. 6th, 1825.*

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

LINES

Addressed to a young lady, who repeated, but would not show the writer a copy of verses she had written.

Ah! why, my charming friend, refuse
To shew the dictates of your Muse?
Why thus restrain her flight?
Due fostering Praise would bid her soar
To heights unknown, untrod before,
In Fancy's region bright.

True will soon ring her parting knell,
If left to pine in Memory's cell,
And bid her sing no more;
Even Friendship's echo tries in vain
To catch and tell the fleeting strain,
Your dulcet accents pour.

The raptured swain who roves at eve,
Thus hears the choral sea-nymphs weave
Their floating melody;
He lists again: 'tis borne away
By gales, that mournful seem to say,
"Such sounds were born to die."

DELIOUS.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

On some Flowers, presented by CHILDREN.

These flowers are lovely, and as fair
As aught on earth can be;
Their fragrance perfumes the air
And breathes of purity.
In every color light can give,
Has God their charms array'd;
And all the glow of opening life
Is on their leaves display'd.

Yes; they are beautiful; but the bloom
That now attracts the eye,
Will shortly wither from our view,
And every leaf will die.
Even the sweet color which it sheds,
Swift time will bear away,
And every grace which now adorns
Will hasten to decay.

But 'tis not beauty or perfume
That makes them fair to me;
It is, that they're the offering
Of lovely infancy—
They are the precious gift of those
Who bloom like nature's flowers,
Whose young affection cleaves my heart,
And animates my hours.

There is a sweetness in the smile
That infant faces wear;
A softness that beguiles the soul
Of deep corroding care—
A sympathy felt more than seen,
Whose undefined powers,
Can soothe and heal the wounded mind
When dark affliction lowers.

Not all these graces cause a sigh,
For they will soon be o'er;
Like morning flowers they'll pass away,
And be perceived no more.
The chilling coldness of the world
May freeze the tender soul,
Or, (what is worse,) its purity
May yield to Sin's control.

But 'tis consoling to reflect
That in a higher sphere,
There lives a Being who ordains
What'er 's to happen here.
To his disposing care we'll leave
Each infant and each flower;
Nor harbor a distrustful thought
Of his almighty power.

OTHONA.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

The belief in invisible beings is of the remotest ages. Fairies, Elves, Goblins, of Gothic mythology, long retained their place in the public creed, and the pure light of Christianity, that has burst upon us, has not wholly eradicated this belief in many parts of the world, particularly in the highlands of Scotland, where Fairies yet perform their nocturnal pranks in the imagination of the superstitious Highlanders.

THE FAIRIES' SONG.

We that live in fairy land,
No sickness know, nor pain;
We glide along a wanton band,
On land, or raging main.

Sometimes, we dance on sun-beams bright,
And skim along the air;
Sometimes in form of courtly Knight,
We woo the lady fair.

Various are the forms we take—
Sometimes the pigmy small;
An old nut-shell 's the same to us,
As is the lordly hall.

When mellowing moon-beams skip and dance,
Upon the silver lake;
There we upon the broad expanse,
Our midnight revels take.

Sometimes our fairy tricks we play
Upon the good old nurse;
We love to steal her brains away,
And make them elves like us.

K.

SELECTED.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

Weep not for the dead,
Who tranquilly repose;
Their spark of life is fled—
But with it all their woes.

The broken-heart is heal'd—
The reign of sorrow o'er—
Their future bliss is seal'd,
And they can grieve no more.

Mourn rather for the doom
Of those who struggle on,
In dreariness and gloom,
Until their course is done;

Who linger here and grieve,
As death dissolves each tie,
That makes them wish to live—
Yet cannot—dare not die!

MAGNANIMITY.

I love the man who well can bear
Misfortune's angry frown;
I love the heart that spurs despair,
Though all its friends have flown.

VARIETY.

ISAAC THE CROYER.

Every body who has seen Amsterdam must know that a very useful class of men called the Croyers, reside there. They generally trundle a wheel-barrow before them, attend mercantile houses, carry letters, messages, burthens, and make out to procure a comfortable subsistence; and some of them something more.

There was one of these whose name was Isaac. He was called Isaac the Croyer. He seemed to be at the top of his business, and was computed to be a warm fellow and was worth 40000 guilders, nearly 1000 pounds sterling. As Isaac had acquired this property by industry and attention, so he had labored cheerfully and parsimoniously, and his wife seemed to have no other view than the increase of their guilders. They lived in a kind of cellar-kitchen, which though sometimes damp, was always comfortable. An adjacent old clothesman furnished their wardrobe. Thus situated, as our Isaac was returning from his accustomed services, he stopped at a place called Rag Fair. Seeing a hat nearly new and likely to go off very cheap, he bid for it, and on paying five guilders, a very small sum, considering its real value, the hat was Isaac's. Although he had never indulged himself in such extravagance before, his wife (notwithstanding the natural aversion of women to dress) liked the bargain well enough, as it was but for once. On the following day, Isaac and his wife, as usual, went to church; the hat pleased mightily. Yet every thing did not suit, for Isaac wore a cap; it was therefore determined that by the next Sunday he should buy a perriwig. He recollected the place of his late purchase, and that also for a rider, about 14 guilders, supplied him with a good wig. Behold Isaac and his wife strutting forth the envy and admiration of all his professions. One of the acquaintances happened, however, to laugh at him for wearing a fine hat and peruke, with a short jacket without any cuffs or collar; a conference was held, and for a few guilders more, Isaac shone forth in a pretty decent half-coat black coat and ruffles. All was still tolerable. Isaac labored as usual; and their money, notwithstanding the late purchases, did not decrease.

Near Isaac's lowly habitation, was the residence of a barber; his lady kept the best company in town, and entertained them very genteely. Perceiving Isaac to mend in his Sunday appearance, she thought it her duty to bring Isaac's wife forward, as Isaac in time might be a customer. Ruminating upon this, when she was returning from carrying a now-dressed wig home, she stopped to see the old woman, and just to chat a bit with her. "The Croyer came home in the evening," "My dear," says his wife, "do not you find our kitchen grows very damp? bless me, (says she, coughing,) it will certainly kill me, I shall die of a consumption." A constant repetition of the same things, sometimes forces conviction. He determined to hire a small room in the garret, but he did not know what to do with his wheel-barrow. After some reflection and talk with his wife, he hired a small decent little house. This required 3000 additional guilders a year rent. To be sure the house must be painted; and no soul could endure it without being white-washed; and as the cough and dampness continued, the barber's wife told the old woman that nothing could cure it but a carpet; and she would come in the next day and drink tea with her. This was a sore stroke; Isaac and his wife had never drank tea in style; and they hardly knew the use of a carpet. The bag of guilders was however, broken in upon; and considering every thing that Isaac's wife was told at the tea-table, that in the course of two or three years she might be pretty genteel, if she would but keep high company.

The barber's wife had some grand acquaintances; among others was Yffrow Vander Fliss, a very handsome lady about as big as a hoghead: her friends, however, overlooked this. To the Yffrow, Isaac's wife was introduced. She lived in a high house, which served as a store-house for Dutch cheese and herrings. Isaac's wife became quite polished: Isaac himself was introduced to Mynheer, who very civilly treated him with a bottle of his own brewing wine. On the Sunday following, Isaac, instead of regaling himself in his walk, with a light, cheap beverage, was in a circle of Dutch wits. They talked about the fisheries, ridiculed the states, and abused the stadtholder. Isaac became a new man, he got the newspapers read to him, and learned to drink claret on Sunday, and talk politics. His wife, one evening, was taken very ill. After some little time, however, she got over her fit. Isaac tenderly inquired after the reason of her illness, was very much enraged to find that in a select party, that afternoon, Mrs. Van Spie had declared that she could not stay where Isaac's wife was; he was a Croyer, lived in a small house, and trundled a wheel-barrow; when the Croyer heard this, he swore he would challenge her. His wife, however, would not suffer him to risk his life, and therefore very prudently exchanged in hiring a large house, and burning the wheel-barrow; the rent started Isaac; it was three hundred guilders more than he had ever given. But he was laughed at by a large party of friends who came to spend the afternoon and evening at his house. Launched forth into the circle of splendor and gaiety, their company was universally courted, and their table was generally honored with friends and acquaintances. Isaac's wife had the finest carpets, the best furnished house, and the greatest quantity of plate of any of her acquaintance. Dinners, suppers, tea-parties, all contributed to her amusement; for Isaac, as it is the duty of all good husbands, denied her nothing. His friends too were very kind. They would often borrow 20 or 40, 100 or 200 guilders from him. If Isaac had not been a gentleman, and a man of honor, they declared they would not have condescended to take the loan.

This lasted three years. One morning Mynheer Vander Fliss sent in his account of wines, groceries, &c. Isaac was alarmed at the amount. The bag of guilders was resorted to, but that was insufficient. Three days after an officer of justice seized upon the property and the person of the Croyer. The sale of the former barely satisfied his creditors. Isaac and his wife execrated their first step from their former situation. The wig and the hat were condemned to the flames. The charity of some well-disposed burghers induced them to lend Isaac 100 per cent. interest, a sufficient number of guilders to purchase a wheel-barrow, that he might resume his former occupation. And it is a standing proverb this day at Amsterdam, when a man or his wife forget their situation, and aspire beyond their circumstances, to say, "He's turning Isaac the Croyer." No man trusts him after this; and their character is blasted forever.

Good old parson Roberts, formerly of ———, had sometimes the presumption to preach without notes; and being a dull man, his spirit, which he however, mistook for a very different one, did not always supply him with matter. On one of these occasions he put his tongue out for the space of several minutes, to the great wonderment of all the congregation. Being asked by his Deacon, after service, what in the world made him run his tongue out so? he replied, "Why, to be honest, sir, I had nothing else to put out."

THE DEVIL IN THE BUTTERMILK.

During my stay in Ireland, being on a visit to a friend, who resided in one of the distant parishes, I was stricken with the "cherry cheeks and tempting lips" of a young dairy-maid, whom I often saw pass the house in which I resided. I inquired her name and residence, and found that she lived with a Protestant parson, who, besides preaching the doctrine of the gospel, kept a very extensive farm. After a few side-winks at this pretty danciel, I determined to make her a visit during the time the preacher delivered from the pulpit his "twice told sermon."—I went accordingly, as soon as I observed the parson and his dame enter the church. It is needless to tell of the many soft words whispered into her ear; suffice it to say I found her just as I should wish; but unluckily love is so insensible to every thing but his own general feelings, that I rather overstay my time.

We were roused from our pleasing chat by the old man and his wife thundering at the door for admittance. What was to be done?—there was not the usual retreat of lovers—a back door; and to leap from either of the windows, would have been to plunge into the jaws of the lion. "For heaven's sake, my dear, cram me where you will," cried I, "I would not have the parson catch me here for worlds!" "I'm half out of my wits!" said she, "let me see—I have it!—get you into that big churn, (pointing to a large churn that stood in the corner of the room)—be quick, for God's sake,—they'll not suspect you being there, for they never use it on Sundays." In I jumped—and in a moment was in utter darkness—she having put on the lid. In this situation I overheard all that passed. The parson and his wife were let in—the latter not without scolding the maid for keeping them so long at the door, who said she was asleep,—and all was well.

The old lady then told the maid that she must immediately put the cream into the large churn and go to work, for it was expected there would be a scarcity of butter in a little while, and they had better make the best use of their time. "Lad, ma'am," said the frightened girl, "would you break the Sabbath?" "Break the Sabbath, you jade! there is no harm in working on a Sunday, when we are brought to it by necessity!—put in the cream, I say." The maid then asked if the small churn would not do? "Not a whit!—not a whit! the large churn will work more at a time." "Dear me, ma'am, I have always been brought up to keep the Sabbath sacred." "Tut, tut," replied the dame, as the parson entered, "here my dear, this wench will not churn because it is Sunday—when I tell her, butter will be scarce in a few days." "Out upon ye, girl!—do ye think if I got my mare into the log this morning, that I wouldn't take her out because it is Sunday?—push!—go make your butter, I say." All was vain; she was obliged to do the bidding of her superiors.

I set all this while snug in the churn, resigned to my fate, when down on my poor ill-fated head came a pail of cream—I held my breath until it passed, and then breathed again, hoping it was finished here; but no—in came another—and another! There I sat, up to my chin in milk—one bucket more and I should be a drowned man!—what was to be done? I hit upon something at last. Just as the deadly fourth was impending over my head, I leaped up on the top of the churn, all besmeared with cream—shaking myself, and making the most diabolical faces the human visage could form. It had the desired effect—the maid favoring the trick, screamed out that the devil was in the buttermilk, and ran up stairs! The parson and his wife scampered into the kitchen tumbling head and heels over each other! I took no time—jumped out of the churn—out of the window, and did not look behind me until I arrived safe at home.

Thus ended my adventure with the dairy-maid. A story got among the preacher's superstitious flock "that the devil had risen from the churn and accused him of impiously breaking the Sabbath." The parson himself really believing that it was the devil, never again attempted to make butter on a Sunday.

PHAROAH'S CHARIOT-WHEEL.

A sailor, who had been many years absent from his mother who lived in an inland county in England, returned to his native village, after a variety of voyages to different parts of the globe, and was heartily welcomed by the good old woman, who had long considered him as lost. Soon after his arrival the old lady became inquisitive, and desirous to learn what strange things her son John had seen upon the mighty deep. Among a variety of strange things that Jack recollected, he mentioned his having frequently seen flying fish. "Stop Johnny," says his mother, "don't try to impose such monstrous absurdities on me, child; for in good truth I could as soon believe you had seen flying cows; for cows you know, John, can live out of water. Therefore, tell me honestly, what you have seen in reality; but no more falsehoods, Johnny." Jack felt himself affronted; and turning his quid about, when pressed for more curious information, he said, prefacing it with an oath, "Mayhap, mother, you won't believe me when I tell you, that casting our anchor once in the Red Sea, it was with difficulty we hoisted it up again, which was occasioned, do you see, mother, by a large vessel hanging on one side of the flukes of the anchor. It appeared a strange old Grecian to look at; so we hoisted it in, and our captain, do you mind me, being a scholar, overhauled him, and discovered it was one of Pharaoh's chariot-wheels when he was capsize in the Red Sea." This suited the meridian of the old lady's understanding. "Ay, Johnny," cried she, "I can believe this, for we read of it in the Bible; but never talk to me of flying fish."

A planter in one of the southern States had two slaves who were fond of hunting. One day, having finished their tasks, they repaired to a neighboring wood, where they found a cave, which curiosity induced them to enter. They agreed that one should remain at the entrance, while the other entered the den. While thus engaged, a wolf, the inhabitant of the den, returned, and not perceiving the man at the entrance, was seized by the tail, and held fast. The other, alarmed at the sudden darkening of the den, and being at a loss how to account for it, cried, "What de debil make de hole so dark?" Sambo replied, "If de tail come loose, I guess you know."

An avicious man, who kept a very scanty table, dining one Saturday with his son at an ordinary in Cambridge, whispered in his ear—'Tom, you must eat for to day and to-morrow.' 'O yes,' retorted the half-starved lad; 'but I ha'n't eaten for yesterday and the day before yet, father.'

An Irishman comparing his watch with St. Paul's, burst into a fit of laughter. Being asked what he laughed at? he replied, "And how can I help it? Here is my little watch, that was made by Paddy O'Flaherty, on Ormond Quay—and which only cost me five guineas; has beat your big London clock there a full hour and a quarter since yesterday morning."

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate holden at Fryeburg, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five:

ON the petition of JANE COFFIN, administratrix of the estate of JAMES COFFIN, late of Fryeburg, in said County, Esquire, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of two thousand, seven hundred, thirty dollars and sixty-two cents, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg, in said County, on the second Tuesday of September next, at ten of the clock, A. M. and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. BENJA. CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest: THOMAS WENZLER, Register.

53

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Executrix of the last Will and Testament of

HENRY GORDON, late of Fryeburg, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to SARAH P. GORDON.

Fryeburg, Aug. 2, 1825. 53

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of JOHN ATHERTON, Jr. late of Waterford, in the County of Oxford, Esquire, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to JOHN ATHERTON.

Waterford, Aug. 1, 1825. 53

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of Probate, &c. Commissioners to examine the claims of creditors, to the estate of

SILAS FOWERS, late of Howard's Gore, in the County of Oxford, deceased, represented insolvent—do hereby give notice, that six months are allowed, from the 14th day of June instant, to said creditors, to bring in and prove their claims, and that they will attend to the same at the house of EZRA SMITH, in said Howard's Gore, on the second Wednesday of September and December next, from two to five o'clock, P. M.

EZRA SMITH, BARRETT HOWARD, Commissioners. Howard's Gore, June 29, 1825. 57

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Waterford.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following lots and parts of lots of Land, in Waterford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, to collect for the year 1824; town tax and deficiency of highway tax, for the year 1823, as follows, viz:

Proprietor.	No. Lots.	No. Ranges.	No. Acres.	Public.	Town Tax.	Highway Tax.	Total.
Unknown,	11	13	160	\$98	\$2.06	\$2.32	\$1.38
Do.	11	12	160	64	1.34	1.52	2.86
Do.	11	11	160	64	1.34	1.52	2.86
Do.	6	11	160	25	0.53	0.60	0.53
Do.	7	11	160	100	2.10	2.37	4.47
Do.	12	1	160	23	0.48	0.54	1.02
Do. W. part,	12	5	60	37	0.78	0.88	1.66
Do.	4	8	160	127	2.07	2.02	5.69
Do.	8	14	160	93	2.32	2.32	
Do.	9	13	160	75	1.69	1.69	
Do.	12	9	160	93	2.32	2.32	
Do.	11	3	160	60	0.29	0.29	
Do.	1	10	160	62	0.36	0.36	
Do. N. part,	4	1	100	67	1.60	1.60	
Do. N. part,	6	7	16	60	0.54	0.54	
Do. W. part,	7	10	60	37	0.67	0.67	

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before the twentieth day of September next, at nine o'clock, A. M. so much of each of said lots and parts of lots as will pay said taxes and charges, will then be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, at the house of the subscriber in said Waterford.

WM. MORSE, Jr. Collector of Waterford, for the year 1824. Waterford, Aug. 3, 1825. 55

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has taken the shop of Mr. JACOB JACKSON, and will carry on the

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS in all its usual branches. Work of every description wanted in the country will be done at the shortest notice. EDGE TOOLS made and repaired. Customers will at all times find him at his shop, and no exertion will be spared to give perfect satisfaction.

CYRUS B. NORRIS. Paris, July 16, 1825. 55

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEAVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Leicester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.

Orders for any quantity executed at short notice. Portland, Feb. 15.—1824

THE OCEANOGRAPH.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY ASA BARTON,

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.

No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted, and on the usual terms.

All letters, addressed to the publisher, must be post paid.

The Publisher deems it expedient to give notice, that, while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for its insertion.